

Divorced Me 201

Chapter 201

Selena froze, her body stiffening, and after a long pause, she finally spoke, "Then stand properly, I can't hold you well."

After saying that, she reached out to grab his pants.

Inevitably, her fingers brushed against his thigh, causing both of them to shudder.

Selena simply closed her eyes, grabbed his pants firmly, and lifted upwards.

She heard the man let out a muffled groan next to her ear, incredibly sensual and enticing

Selena awkwardly said, "They're up, I'll help you out..."

With that, she turned around, letting his arm drape over her shoulder, and walked out.

This time, Aaron didn't say anything. He simply pressed his lips together.

Selena helped Aaron to sit on the bed and asked, "Anything else?"

Aaron's voice was a bit hoarse. "No, you can leave."

Selena immediately turned and walked out in fear that he might come up with some other trick.

Once the bedroom door closed, Aaron exhaled a deep breath and reached out to adjust his pants.

Did this woman really not understand, or did she do it on purpose?

Was she unaware of the physiological differences between male and female bodies?

The way she pulled up his pants made him quite uncomfortable.

But on second thought, even if she knew, she wouldn't have been able to help him properly anyway. Aaron leaned against the headboard, slightly tilted his head back, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down, trying hard to ignore the strange feeling within him.

After Aveline finished her work, it was already time to get off. Thinking about what Lucas had said, she couldn't help but bite her lip.

At that moment, Gwen walked over and said, "You're coming with me to the dinner tonight."

Aveline felt a sudden relief. "Alright."

She packed her things and left with Gwen. Once in the car, she sent a message to Lucas.

Aveline texted, "Something came up. I have to attend a last-minute dinner, so I won't be able to come

over tonight.

Lucas didn't reply immediately.

At this moment, Lucas had just concluded a three-hour meeting. As he walked out of the conference room, his expression was cold and indifferent.

Desmond followed behind him, reporting the upcoming schedule, "Mr. Tudor, there's a dinner tonight

at seven..."

Lucas reached for his phone, ready to cancel In response tond's words. But as he glanced at the screen, Aveline's message caught his eye. His expression shifted, a subtle shadow darkening his gaze.

"Mm."

Lucas responded coldly and then put his phone away.

Ha!

Did she think he didn't understand her intentions?

She knew there were people in the department targeting her, yet she preferred to go to dinner with them rather than face him.

Very well!

Night fell.

Aveline arrived at the Grand Feast Club with Gwen.

The private room was on the first floor. When they entered, some people were already seated inside.

"Sorry, I'm late."

Gwen immediately started chatting and laughing with those people present.

Then, she introduced Aveline to everyone, "This is Aveline Young from our department. She has strong business skills. I think she should handle the upcoming work liaison. She was instrumental in securing the cooperation with Brighton Enterprises; her capability is quite impressive."

Several men's gazes fell on Aveline's face, their eyes showing a growing interest.

"Regardless of her presumed business acumen, we need concrete evidence of her capabilities."

Gwen looked at Aveline. "You should propose a toast first."

As soon as Aveline entered, an uneasy feeling washed over her. Gwen's words only confirmed her suspicions of ill intent.

If she turned and walked away, these partners would definitely get angry, and in a fit of rage, they might refuse to cooperate with them.

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She could very well walk away, but if this deal fell through because of her, Lucas would certainly find ways to make her life difficult.

She could already imagine what he would say.

Aveline took a deep breath, walked over, picked up a glass, and smiled. "Here's to everyone."

Watching her drink the glass of wine, someone immediately cheered, "Great drinker!"

Gwen, seeing this, exchanged a knowing glance with a man, then led Aveline to sit down right next to him.

The evening's guest of honor was a man in his early forties. Though unremarkable in appearance, his warm smile transformed his face when addressing others.

He turned that genial expression to Aveline as he spoke, "Miss Young, securing cooperation with Brighton Enterprises single-handedly is no small feat. I've heard their CEO, Mr. Henry, is infamously

difficult to deal with."

Aveline smiled lightly. "As long as my proposal was compelling enough to persuade him, nothing else

mattered."

"Well said."

Gernard Darby laughed heartily and casually placed his hand on Aveline's thigh.

"Did you join DK Group right after graduation, Miss Young?

Aveline's body stiffened, but her expression remained calm. She replied lightly, "Yes."

Gernard's hand began to rub her thigh. "For you to stay at DK Group and achieve such impressive results, you must be exceptionally talented. I admire young, hardworking women like you. Come, let me toast to you!"

Saying this, he picked up his glass and looked at Aveline.

Aveline's body tensed as the man's hand wandered inappropriately. Suddenly, she stood up Excuse me, I'm not feeling well. I need to use the restroom." and said,

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She left the private room immediately.

The restroom was at the end of the hallway on the first floor. Aveline quickly walked in and washed her face with cold water to calm herself down.

As she pondered whether to retugu, the door behind her closed. She turned sharply to see Gernard approaching her with a warm smile.

"Miss Young, I admire your capabilities, but as a woman, you shouldn't have to work so hard. Spend one night with me, and I'll sign the contract with your company. What do you think?" Aveline's eyebrows furrowed. "Not a chance!"

With that, she moved to leave.

But Gernard quickly grabbed her and pulled her into one of the bathroom stalls. "Don't act ungrateful. Consider it a compliment that I want to sleep with you. Cross me, and I'll make sure you're blacklisted in the industry!"

In the past, young women couldn't withstand his threats and would obediently comply. Gernard thought this time would be no different.

Aveline was indeed beautiful. Even without makeup, her every expression radiated an unintentional charm that made people feel hot all over.

"Let go of me!"

Aveline struggled violently and bit Gernard's hand. He yelped in pain and instinctively let her

aveling towards the door, but Gernard was faster. He grabbed her hair!

"You really don't know what's good for you. Tonight, you're mine. As for the deal, forget it!"

As he spoke, the warm facade disappeared from his face, replaced by a menacing snarl.

1. go.

Aveline felt the pain, but with him behind her, she couldn't break free. She screamed for help, but the bathroom's soundproofing was so solid that her screams went unheard outside. Despair filled Aveline's eyes, and tears began to fall. She shouldn't have considered so many things; she should have just left!

"Bang!"

Just as Gernard was about to tear her clothes, the bathroom door was kicked open. A cold, fierce aura swept in and Gernard was kicked out of the stall!

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"Who the hell dared to kick me?" Gernard cursed as he struggled to get up. When he saw who had arrived, the vicious snarl on his face instantly vanished, replaced by wide-eyed terror. "Mr. Tudor..."

At that moment, Lucas held Aveline in his arms, his crisp, pleasant scent filling her senses. She felt stunned and disoriented.

Lucas radiated a chilling aura, his eyes cold and sharp. "You dare lay a hand on my woman?"

Gernard immediately fell to his knees in fear. "Mr. Tudor, I'm sorry. I didn't recognize who she was. If I had known, I wouldn't have dared to covet her."

Gernard had spent decades in Cloudflare City, but he was nothing compared to Lucas. Lucas wasn't just the CEO of DK Group; he had the backing of the influential Tudor family, who could remove anyone from society without a trace.

As Gernard kept begging for mercy, Desmond walked in, waved his hand, and two bodyguards stepped forward to drag Gernard out.

Gernard continued to plead, "Mr. Tudor, I know I was wrong, I truly know I was

wrong.

The bodyguards covered his mouth and dragged him into a private room, where muffled screams soon

followed.

Lucas carried Aveline out of the restroom. Seeing her pale face, his heart tightened, and he asked coldly, "Was it fun bringing this upon yourself?"

If she had just waited at the Tudor mansion, none of this would have happened.

Aveline's body trembled, and she lowered her eyes, stepping out of his embrace. "Thank you."

She was truly terrified. His sudden appearance felt like a god descending from the heavens, shaking the walls of the fortress she had built around her heart.

Seeing her in this state, Lucas couldn't bring himself to scold her. He looked at her for a long moment and then said, "Wait in my car."

With that, he handed her the keys.

Aveline instinctively took them and watched as his tall, imposing figure walked away.

"Miss Young, please follow me," Desmond said respectfully as he approached.

Aveline nodded and followed Desmond out of the Grand Feast Club.

After they left, Gwen peeked out from a corner, covering her mouth, her face full of terror.

What should she do now?

It seemed she had offended Lucas!

If Lucas found out that she had orchestrated tonight's events, he would surely make her life a living hell! She took out her phone, checked her bank balance, and immediately booked a plane ticket, planning to leave overnight.

However, on her way home, two bodyguards suddenly grabbed her and shoved her into a car.

Aveline knew nothing of this.

She got into Lucas' car, his scent enveloping her completely, allowing her tense nerves to gradually

relax.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the car window, startling Aveline. She turned to see Desmond smiling at

her.

She rolled down the window and asked, "What's the matter?"

Desmond handed her a cup of warm tea. "Miss Young, this is from Mr. Tudor. He thought it might warm

you up.

In truth, it was Desmond's idea.

Aveline held a special place in Lucas' heart, so it was wise to maintain a good relationship with her. He wouldn't be foolish like Brian, who, knowing Aveline's significance to Lucas, still dared to provoke her. Brian deserved to get himself beaten up!

"Thank you."

Aveline, a bit surprised, took the tea. As she looked at it, she felt a bit dazed.

It seemed that ever since he regained his memory, he had stopped giving her these little things.

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Before he regained his memory, he often bought her flowers, warm tea, and small gifts... Though they weren't worth much, it showed that he was thinking of her. Whenever he saw something beautiful, his first instinct was to share it with her. In his heart, she was always first.

How could she easily forget or stop loving such a devoted Lu?

A slight ache pierced her heart, and Aveline quickly reined in her thoughts, trying not to let her mind wander.

That Lu was gone, killed by Lucas Tudor.

Now, he was just Lucas Tudor-cold-hearted, emotionally distant, unpredictable.

Aveline inserted the straw into the cup and took a sip.

Indeed, it was warm, driving away the coldness in her heart.

After half an hour, the driver's side door opened, and Lucas, carrying a chill with him, got into the car.

Aveline, holding her cup and looking at her phone, put it away when she saw him enter. Her demeanor softened slightly.

No matter what, he had saved her.

"Thank you for tonight," she said.

Lucas turned to look at her. "Is that all you have to say?"

Aveline bit her lip slightly, then picked up the cup of warm tea. "And thank you for the tea. It's very good."

At her words, Lucas raised an eyebrow. When had he given her a cup of tea? But seeing the delight in her eyes, he chose not to expose the lie. Resting one hand on the steering wheel, his wrist, with its strong, defined bones, exuded an air of sensuality and strength.

"Anything else?" he asked.

Aveline paused, sensing the unusual atmosphere in the car. For a moment, she remained silent.

Although he had saved her, it was far from enough to break the ice in their relationship.

Seeing her silence, Lucas felt irritation rising again. He reached out and gripped her chin, forcing her to look at him. "What? You can't even say a single kind word to me?"

As he realized this, an inexplicable anger surged up, making his expression even more somber.

Aveline's eyelashes fluttered slightly. She said, "Lucas, aren't we going home?"

She still remembered his promise that if she slept with him once, he would approve her resignation. She only wanted to distance herself from him to avoid further pain.

He suddenly gripped her chin harder.

"Aveline, why are you acting so ungrateful? I just saved you, and you're still thinking about resigning?" Lucas' voice was deep and magnetic, but his tone carried a chill.

Aveline looked up at him. "What else can I do? You've already agreed to marry Miss Winter. Do you want to keep entangling with me?"

She gave a bitter smile. "Lucas, do you really want to act like a jerk?"

about my engagement?"

Lucas' face turned icy, his gaze dark as he stared at her. "Are you happy about my

Aveline replied, "Whether I'm happy or not is irrelevant to you. I can't influence your decisions. We're like hedgehogs; the closer we get, the more we hurt each other. It's better if we divorce sooner. If we separate, neither of us will get hurt."

"You think you're clever."

Lucas sneered coldly, releasing her chin and starting the car, driving towards the Tudor mansion.

The atmosphere inside the car was tense and oppressive. Watching his stern profile, Aveline couldn't help but tighten her grip on the cup of tea.

They soon arrived at the Tudor mansion. Lucas said coldly, "Get out."

He slammed the car door, clearly showing his displeasure.

Aveline got out of the car and followed behind him.

Seeing her still holding the cup of tea, Lucas found it inexplicably annoying. He said coldly, "Throw that away. I never buy such trash for women."

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Aveline paused, looking at the cup of tea in her hand.

Wasn't he the one who bought it?

The icy indifference etched on Lucas' face was unmistakable, too genuine to be feigned.

As realization dawned, Aveline's lips twisted into a bitter smile. She had misread the situation entirely. In her naivety, she had imagined he remembered that he had bought the cup of tea out of concern, a gesture of comfort after her ordeal.

It turned out she had read too much into it.

Taking a deep breath, she threw the tea into the trash and followed him into the Tudor mansion.

They went straight upstairs and into the bedroom.

Lucas tugged at his collar, unbuttoning it, and said coldly, "Go take a shower."

Aveline silently complied, showing an attitude of resigned acceptance.

Lucas watched her, feeling even more irritated.

The sound of running water filled the room. Through the frosted glass, he could see her shadowy, graceful figure. Sitting on the sofa with his elbows resting on his knees, he stared at the glass with dark, complicated eyes for a long time.

His throat tightened, feeling parched. He tugged at his collar as if it would help ease his growing

agitation.

He stood up and left the bedroom, heading to the guest room to shower.

When Aveline emerged from the shower wrapped in a towel, Lucas was no longer in the bedroom. She sighed with relief and turned to dry her hair.

Just as she had dried it halfway, someone yanked off her towel suddenly.

A chill swept over her, and she gasped, instinctively trying to cover herself.

But she was wearing nothing under the towel. Her attempt to cover herself was futile.

A mocking laugh echoed from behind her. In the next instant, a strong arm wrapped around her waist, pulling her close. She looked like a frightened rabbit, which only seemed to amuse him, sparking a glint of interest in his eyes.

With the prize in hand, he leaned close to her ear. "Why are you trying to cover yourself? There's nothing here I haven't seen."

Aveline's body stiffened at his rough touch. "Can you be gentler?"

His grip was causing her pain.

Lucas noticed the redness at the corners of her eyes. Her figure was flawless, curvaceous, with fair skin tinged with a delicate blush. The softness in his hands was irresistible, and her unique fragrance kept stimulating his senses.

He grasped her chin with his other hand and kissed her deeply. As their lips tangled, his low, husky voice murmured, "You're here to please me, so I'll do what feels good for me." Aveline's eyes instantly reddened with anger.

This bastard!

She raised her hand to slap him, but he applied a little more pressure, making her gasp in pain. Taking advantage of her vulnerability, he deepened the kiss, not giving her any chance to retreat. Her long hair swayed behind her as he suddenly lifted her, pressing her against the wall. In this position, she had no leverage and instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist. Satisfied, Lucas smirked and kissed her again, forcefully and dominantly invading her mouth. Aveline's spine stiffened as Lucas left kiss marks from her neck to her chest, like crimson roses blooming on her fair skin-sensual and captivating.

Throughout the night, Aveline felt as if she died and came back to life over and over again. Eventually, she rolled her eyes and passed out, convulsing in his arms.

Seeing her state, Lucas pinched her waist. She didn't respond, her body limp and unresponsive.

A strong

ng emotion flickered in his eyes, but he didn't stop.

When Aveline woke up, she felt like her body no longer belonged to her.

Every part of her ached, especially her waist.

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Thinking about the madness of the previous night made her legs weak. She quickly shook off those thoughts and got up.

As she stepped out of bed and put weight on her feet, her legs buckled, and she nearly fell.

That bastard!

Cursing him silently, Aveline steadied herself for a moment before heading to the bathroom.

She had washed her clothes after showering last night, and now they were dry. After freshening up, she found the bedroom door open, with the maid having already tidied the bed. Maintaining a facade of composure, she walked downst

Alfred greeted her with a smile, "Good morning, ma'a..... Breakfast is ready."

Aveline nodded and headed to the dining room.

Just as she entered, she heard the steady footsteps of a man behind her. He pulled out the chair next to her and sat down.

Aveline kept her eyes lowered, eating her oatmeal in small bites.

Lucas' gaze slowly swept over her, his eyes dark and deep.

Aveline felt uneasy under his stare but didn't want to engage in conversation. She only hoped that once they got to the company, he would approve her resignation.

After finishing her meal, Aveline looked up at him and asked, "Are we going to the company together?"

Lucas replied, "If you want to walk, I have no objections."

Aveline fell silent.

Why did he have to speak so rudely?

She stayed silent, waiting for him to finish eating.

Lucas wiped the corner of his mouth and stood up. Aveline immediately followed him to the car, her heart fluttering with anticipation.

Once they arrived at the company, she planned to bring up her resignation again, hoping he would agree since he had promised.

Noticing the faint excitement in her eyes Lucas' expression darkened.

Was she that happy about resigning?

His face turned cold, adding to the oppressive atmosphere in the car.

Aveline sensed the shift but didn't dwell on it. Soon, they reached the company.

To her surprise, they ran into Sophia at the entrance.

Aveline paused as she was about to get out of the car, a bitter smile crossing her face. It was funny in a sad way - she was his lawful wife, but now she felt like a mistress he wanted to keep hidden. Lucas got out of the car and asked Sophia, "Why are you here?"

Sophia's gaze shifted from the car, noticing Aveline. Seeing them arrive together, she wondered if they had spent the night together. The thought made her furious, but there were more pressing matters at hand.

She said, "Lucas, my cousin works at DK Group, but she went missing after

returning home last night. Her family can't reach her, so I came to ask if you know where she might be."

She smiled slightly. "If she did something wrong, could you forgive her for my sake? She is quite capable, after all."

Lucas asked, "What's her name?"

Sophia replied, "Gwen Scoot."

Aveline's brows furrowed. Gwen was her manager. She must have known about last night's events. Aveline hadn't yet confronted her, and now she was missing?

Lucas' expression remained cold and indifferent as he said, "I had her detained."

Sophia quickly asked, "Why? Lucas, if she did something wrong, I apologize on her behalf. Please don't be angry. If necessary, you can fire her. Her family is really worried, and so am I."

Aveline looked at Lucas as a thought struck her. Maybe he was detaining Gwen because he knew Gwen was involved in harming her last night. If that was the case, he wouldn't just let Gwen go so easily.

To her surprise, Lucas nodded to Sophia. "Fine, I'll release her now, but she can't stay at DK."

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A smile instantly appeared on Sophia's face. "Thank you. As long as you don't keep her detained, that's enough. Once she returns, I'll have a serious talk with her."

"Fine," Lucas responded coldly, just as he was about to say something else, the sound of a car door closing interrupted him.

"No!" Aveline walked over briskly, her clear eyes filled with agitation as she looked at Lucas. "You can't release Gwen!"

Lucas' eyebrows furrowed. "Are you giving me orders?"

Aveline's fingers instinctively curled, and a sharp pain shot through her heart. His stern, sharp face felt completely unfamiliar to her.

Sophia spoke up, "Miss Young, my cousin acted impulsely and made a mistake. She already knows she was wrong. If you feel that's enough, I'll apologize on her behalf."

With that, she bowed deeply to Aveline, placing herself in the lowest position possible. "Miss Young, I'm sorry!"

Lucas grasped Sophia's arm and pulled her up. "Sophia, what are you doing? This has nothing to do with you."

Tears welled in Sophia's eyes, but she forced a smile and said, "How can it not? She's my cousin. Someone has to take responsibility for her actions. I just hope Miss Young can be lenient. It's better not to burn bridges."

Lucas turned his cold gaze to Aveline, his attitude clearly saying, "They've apologized; are you still not satisfied?"

Aveline's face grew paler. She ignored Sophia and looked straight at Lucas. "You know what I went through last night, don't you?"

He knew, and he had found out that Gwen orchestrated it. But now, with Sophia pleading, he still planned to release Gwen.

He was so good to Sophia.

And what about her?

After all, they had spent the entire night together last night!

Was he going to ignore her once he put his pants back on?

A flicker of light flashed in Aveline's eyes, stubbornly refusing to show any sign of her sadness,

Lucas' eyes were dark and deep, his voice low and icy as he spoke, "You should blame yourself for not following my orders." Aveline raised her hand to slap him.

"Smack!"

But Sophia stepped in front of Lucas just in time, taking the slap meant for him. Stumbling back, she fell into Lucas' arms.

"Sophia!"

Lucas steadied her, his eyes coldly fixating on Aveline. "Apologize to Sophia!"

Aveline sneered. "Apologize? To hell with that!"

She walked past them, her face pale but her demeanor composed and indifferent.

Having seen too much shamelessness and disappointment, this was nothing new. If they wanted to put on a show of deep affection, she wouldn't stick around for it. Behind her, she could hear Sophia's faint sobbing and Lucas' low voice comforting

her.

What a joke!

If he cared so much, why not divorce?

The truth was, he wanted to have his cake and eat it too, unwilling to let go of either.

But she was done playing his game!

Aveline stepped out of the elevator and went straight to her desk, starting to pack her things. Her colleagues watched, confused, but no one approached to ask questions.

She quickly gathered her belongings into a box and headed for the elevator.

As she waited, Desmond came down and saw her. Noticing her determined

expression, he quickly said, "Miss Young, Mr. Tudor requests that you come upstairs.

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"I'm not going!" Aveline said, not even glancing at Desmond as she stepped into the elevator.

Desmond felt a headache coming on.

Weren't things fine last night?

How did they end up like this after just one night?

He quickly followed her into the elevator, trying to salvage the situation. "Miss Young, if there's any misunderstanding, I think it would be best for you to clear it up with Mr. Tudor in person. After all..." Aveline gave him a cold look. "Get out."

Desmond fell silent.

He wanted to tell her that refusing to communicate with each other wouldn't solve anything!

But Aveline's icy gaze made Desmond feel a heavy, invisible pressure, as if Lucas himself were standing in front of him.

Not daring to linger, he hurried out of the elevator, watching the doors slowly close. He sighed helplessly and took another elevator to the CEO's office.

He knocked on the office door, and after hearing a response from inside, took a deep breath and walked in. "Mr. Tudor, Miss Young has packed up and left."

"Bang!"

Lucas slammed the file he was holding onto the desk, and the atmosphere in the office grew cold and oppressive.

He pulled out his phone and called Aveline, but she hung up on him!

How dare she!

It was her own fault for not listening to him and insisting on attending the dinner, or none of this would have happened. Yet she had the audacity to give him the cold shoulder and even curse at him! Fury burned in his chest, and his expression turned even colder. "Tell her if she doesn't come back, she'll never get a divorce in this lifetime!"

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Desmond was speechless.

His mouth twitched slightly.

He felt that Aveline might not care about that anymore.

But seeing Lucas in a fit of rage, Desmond dared not speak his mind. Instead, he dialed Aveline's number in front of Lucas.

This time, Aveline answered.

"You'd better have a good reason," she said coldly, her tone chilling even over the phone.

Desmond keenly sensed Lucas's gaze growing even colder as it fell on him. He forced himself to continue, "Miss Young, Mr. Tudor said " if you don't come back, you'll > never get a divorce."

"Whatever!" Aveline spat out, then promptly hung up the phone.

"Bang!"

Before Desmond could say anything more, Lucas stood up in fury, kicking over a

chair!

He was seething with rage, like an enraged lion!

She didn't care about anything anymore, not even divorce!

Ha!

Fine!

Very well!

Desmond didn't dare to make a sound or leave. He could only stand by the door,- waiting for further instructions.

"Get out," Lucas growled, and Desmond hurriedly fled the room as fast as he could.

Lucas yanked at his tie, feeling incredibly agitated. The thought of Aveline's indifferent attitude made him want to grab her and demand answers!

Aveline was unaware of Lucas' current state, and even if she knew, she wouldn't

care.

She carried her things and went back to Maple Garden. Looking at the beautiful apartment, she pressed her lips together slightly before dialing Russell's number.

"Hello?"

Aveline said, "Russ, are you still interested in buying the Maple Garden property?"

Russell's voice was slightly nasal and lazy, clearly just waking up. "Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes," Aveline replied.

She had made up her mind a long time ago.

Never had she felt so clear-headed as she did now.

It wasn't just the Maple Garden property; she wo

sell her other property as well!

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She wanted to erase every trace of him from her life!

On the phone, Russell chuckled lightly and then said, "Alright, wait for me. I'll be there soon."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Aveline opened the app and listed her property for sale.

About fifteen minutes later, the doorbell rang.

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Aveline walked over and opened the door. Russell stood there, sporting short purple- gray hair and a roguish grin. He leaned one hand on the door frame and asked, "What made you change your mind so suddenly?"

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Aveline replied, "The house is too big. I get scared living here alone."

Russell raised an eyebrow. "That's your reason...?"

He didn't press further, though it was clear he didn't believe her.

Aveline smiled slightly. "Russ, take a look and see if you like it."

Russell walked in, taking long strides as he strolled around the house. "Of course, like it, but Aveline, this house is already considered second-hand. While the location is great, it might not fetch the price you're hoping for."

Aveline's clear eyes met his. "You haven't even asked me. How do you know what price I'm expecting?"

Russell looked at her. "Oh? What's your asking price?"

"Pay and it's yours."

Russell laughed. "Come on, don't joke. This is a great house. I won't let you take a loss."

Just then, his phone rang. He answered it, said, "Come on up," and hung up.

In a moment, a well-dressed man in a suit and tie appeared at the door. Adjusting his glasses, he greeted, "Mr. Skyler."

Russell waved him in. "Come on in."

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Turning to Aveline, he said, "He's here to handle all the paperwork. I'll transfer the money to your account directly."

Aveline was surprised. "So quickly?"

Russell replied, "It's not that quick. Your house has no issues, so once I've decided, I prefer to finalize the transaction swiftly."

Aveline nodded and didn't say more. They drafted and signed the contract on the spot, and the money was transferred.

In less than half an hour, the house had a new owner.

Of course, the transfer of ownership would still need to be processed, but the transaction was complete. From today onward, Aveline had no ties to the house. Her bank account now had millions of dollars. Aveline felt like she had suddenly become wealthy.

She could live freely and happily now.

This was the life she'd always wanted. So why didn't she feel happy about it?

Russell looked at her and said, "Congratulations! I'll treat you to dinner tonight."

Aveline smiled slightly. "Sure."

She began to pack up her things. Russell watched her and said, "You don't need to rush. You can pack when you buy a new place."

Aveline replied, "No need. I have another apartment. Since I've sold this one, I should move out."

Seeing her determination, Russell didn't say much more and instead asked, "Is it the place where you had the incident?"

"Yes." Aveline nodded.

Russell said, "I'm investigating that person, but he's really good at spotting us. Every time we get close, he vanishes." Aveline looked at him gratefully. "Russ, thank you so much. If it weren't for you, I might have been dead by now." Russell let out a laugh. "If you really want to thank me, how about doing something useful instead?"

Aveline looked puzzled. "Like what?"

Russell said, "In a week, I need to attend a gala. Come with me as my date. Consider it as repayment. How about it?"

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Aveline hesitated and said, "But I've never attended such an event. I'm afraid I might make mistakes."

Russell replied, "No worries, you just need to look beautiful."

Aveline nodded. "Alright, just promise not to scold me if I mess up."

Russell chuckled softly. "I promise I won't."

Aveline continued packing her things. She didn't have much; everything fit into one suitcase. Once she was done, she paused for a moment, feeling a bit dazed. After living here for so long, this was all she had?

From the beginning, she had never felt like this place elonged to her.

A faint bitterness crossed her eyes as she zipped up her suitcase and carried it out
the door.

She

gave the passcode to Russell.

Russell nodded slightly, took the suitcase from her hand, and said, "Let's go."

"Alright."

Leaving Maple Garden, they headed back to the apartment she had lived in before.

It had been a while since she returned, and the place was a bit messy.

Feeling a bit embarrassed, Aveline said, "I haven't been back in a while. I need to clean up first. Russ, please wait a moment."

Russell nodded, glancing around the simple two-bedroom apartment with a light sparkle in his eyes.

Had they lived here for the past year?

But there were no traces that Lucas had stayed here before.

Had she cleared up everything that was related to him?

Scoffing inwardly, he watched as Aveline tidied up the living room and then brought him some tea. "Russ, please have a seat. Russell said, "I can help, you know."

Aveline shook her head. "No need. You just rest. I'll be done in a moment."

After all, it wasn't right to let a guest help with the chores.

Russell watched her deft movements, his smile widening. "Aren't you supposed to be working today? Have you resigned?"

"Yes, I resigned," Aveline replied calmly,

Russell said, "You handled it quickly. What are your plans now? Wanna come to work for me?"

While still occupied, Aveline said, "I just received a lot of money. I'm not planning on finding a job right away. I need to enjoy life first."

Russell chuckled. "That's a good plan."

The benefit of a small apartment was that it took less than an hour for Aveline to tidy up. She sat on the couch, took a sip of water, and looked around the familiar surroundings, feeling as if she had been away for ages.

Suddenly, she sighed and said, "Russ, how can a person change so much once he gets back his memories?"

Russell's eyes flickered. "I don't know about others, but I wouldn't change. It's not like I drank a potion to forget everything. It's just remembering more things, so there's no reason to change so drastically." Aveline looked at him. "Really?"

Russell looked at her earnestly. "Really."

Her eyes flashed briefly, and she smiled nonchalantly. "Oh."

Seeing her somewhat lost expression, Russell felt a strange sensation within him, but he didn't dwell on it. Instead, he said, "Aveline, you're an orphan. Have you ever thought about finding your biological parents?"

"Finding my biological parents?"

Russell nodded. "Your life has been too simple. So, when someone like him appeared, you put your whole heart into it. You should look for your biological

parents and make more friends."

Aveline began to seriously consider it. She had grown up in an orphanage and had never thought about finding her biological parents.